

## Noel Torres

# "Take Two Placebos And U Can Call Me Lame"

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Can't you see my soul  
On the record sleeve?  
It's going up for sale  
As soon as it gets saved.  
Interrogation blues,  
Once again, I lose.

You don't get to magnify my insecurities.  
[No fucking way! ]  
You don't get to cite and save my unhip-ocracies.  
[Not for sale! ]

Take two placebos, then you can call me lame.  
Walk some in my shoes, then tell me to fuck off.  
My oversized hat won't fit your humongous head...

[I'd trade a hundred days for one inside of you...]

Take me to a cave  
Where I can't be seen.  
Solace makes the heart  
Pump adrenaline.  
I'm sick of being used,  
Time and again betrayed...

Give a man a key, he cannot not open the door.  
Give him something free and he'll resell it to the poor.  
[C'est la vie! ]

Take two placebos, then you can call me lame.  
Walk some in my shoes, then tell me that I'd fucked.  
My humongous hat won't fit your gigantic head...

[Just take two! ]

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